

About those uncontrollable thoughts by CockAsInTheBird

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Summary:

Today has been... a long, confusing mess. From the boner he woke up with after dreams of Billy, to the one in his car, the one in his shower, the one on the couch, to the way Billy so rudely shoved his way into Steve's personal space, up the stairs, onto the bed. Rude and hectic from their first kiss till now. Now he's... nice? Steve feels a fool for falling for it, but at least he's aware as he lets down his guard and allows for Billy to... do whatever he pleases.

About those uncontrollable thoughts

It was awkward at first, which isn't much of a surprise to Steve. This is a whole new world for him- how would he ever even go about dating or flirting with guys, least of all Billy Hargrove. Girls he understood, flowers and chocolate and driving them to the mall and carrying their shopping bags, classic textbook stuff that he's actually quite good at if he had to say so himself.

Hi was all he managed to write to Billy.

Hey ;) was the response.

Nerve wracking, dizzying, nauseating. It left him a mess for that entire weekend, making him incapable of ever even responding to any of his other matches on the apps, because he couldn't stop thinking about Billy *fucking* Hargrove. Yet he also didn't know where to go from there, and when Billy didn't see it fit to send him a second message, it just died out right then and there.

But there was no relief, no *Oh thank God* that he wouldn't have to even *try* and find out what it's like with Billy- what sex is like with Billy. Yet the thought of it stayed. Every night, morning, day. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, all ruined by a crown of golden curls, broad shoulders, his musky stench, that ugly tattoo... It doesn't make any sense to him still, but now whenever he thinks about how *firm* and *strong* Billy was, bumping up against him on the court, the way he almost *admired* Steve in the showers right before calling him a *pretty boy*, and his voice when he said it... it's all too vivid now. Whenever there was a moment for it, his idle hands would slowly find their way past the border of his briefs, but after only a few strokes of his half chub he'd pull back with a loud and exasperated sigh.

Come Monday morning and he's sitting in his car, hands gripping too tight around the steering wheel, students flocking to the front doors of Hawkins High. Yet somehow through the mess of reluctant teens, Steve still manages to spot Billy without even really thinking about it,

like a gorgeous needle in a hormonal haystack, jeans clinging to his sculpted ass, the fabric around his thighs looking about ready to tear-

Steve shuts his eyes, squeezing till it becomes uncomfortable in an attempt to *forget* that he knows what Billy looks like naked; how freckles dust across his features *everywhere*, how *smooth he is*, how he's oh so *perfectly waxed*-

"*Fuck, fuck, fuck, shit, shit.*" Of all things that could have happened, Steve sporting a boner at school wasn't rare but definitely the worst. Especially given the subject of his all too sudden desires.

He had never cared to think twice about Billy when he wasn't around, and now he's the only thing on his mind. He can't go in there like this, can't face *him* like this, Steve's body is too sensitive to even the slightest *hint* of Billy apparently.

And he's not going to jerk off in his car, that's just... sad.

The fact that he makes it all the way home without a single speeding ticket is just dumb, lazy luck, and that he makes it to his bedroom before jerking off for the second time today is just impressive. At least he can still show *some* self restraint.

But only a little.

For when he's done and ashamed of it all, he sluggishly drags his feet toward the shower, where as soon as the hot water hits his skin, he's reminded of the locker room at school. And he's reminded of all the times he has caught Billy stealing glances, only for those crystal blues to flee once they've been caught, maybe spit out a little toxic comment that's barely heard in passing.

As he now looks down at his fully hard dick once more, yearning to a certain someone's attention here in the nude, Steve closes his eyes only to be met by the prideful, girthy cock that even when flaccid Billy struts around with like he's the king.

His lips pursed around a cigarette. His hands as they grasp the ball at

practice. His fingers so nimble whenever he plays with a pencil in class. His smile that he flashes to all the girls. His tongue out to swipe as he grins at Steve.

“Fuck, ah-” he bites into his one hand as he cums into the other, white clashing with the pink of the bathroom tiles. And another, *“Fuck!”* as he slams the side of his fist against the wall of the shower.

Barely an hour passes before he’s hard and ready again, lying on the couch with old reruns of whatever on the tv, his eyes glued to the pics Billy has posted everywhere for his own conceited ego’s sake, and the hundreds of likes and comments he gets, of course.

But it’s hard not to like what you see, when you’re faced with self-confidence like this, and well earned at that considering his Adonis looks and frequent exercise routine. It wouldn’t shock Steve if he found out that Billy could lift him without breaking a sweat.

Actually it thrills him far too much to even consider, as he watches a video on instagram of Billy benching far more than what Steve weighs, and all the blood rushes into his already eager erection at such a speed he gets a little dizzy.

He almost misses the doorbell ringing in his intense, almost stalker-y field of view, and who the fuck even rings anyone’s door at almost 1pm on a Monday. A sigh and rubbing his eyes prepares him for the inevitable greeting of either mormons or jehovah’s witnesses, or maybe he’s lucky to meet a travelling salesman who’s got a cure for crushing on people way outside your league.

The bell rings several times as he walks up to the door, and even after opening it up to the warm summer weather, it takes Steve several long seconds before he realises who’s standing there, toothy grin and denim clad with an arm up on the doorframe.

It hits him like a bullet to the heart, the shock of finding billy Hargrove here, in front of Steve who’s barely dressed and-

Billy's eyes hone in on the obvious tenting of Steve's green boxers, and that grin spreads into the widest, flashiest smile that Steve has ever possibly seen.

"Is that for me?" he *drawls* out, lustful and daring.

And it sets the poor trust fund kid *aflame*, his heart pumping so fast and hard he feels it pulsate in his dick. The blood rushing away from his brain must be making him dumb, because the only seemingly obvious reaction Steve can sort out is reaching for Billy and kissing that smug look from his face.

It doesn't take Billy long to get in on it; he pushes his way through the door and closes it behind him, strips clean of his denim jacket before tugging off Steve's shirt. It all happens so fast he can't even follow, the taste of Billy's spit and the feel of his teeth biting disorients him to a point where he can barely answer the question,

"Where's your bedroom?"

With, "Upstairs and to the left."

Suddenly they're on his bed, the memory of them stumbling up the stairs as they undressed distant and nearly gone, as the throbbing of his cock has never felt louder than in this moment.

Of all the girls he's been with, being with a man is... *different*. He's nervous, almost nauseous with it, yet has never been more excited, turned on, or harder in his entire life. Hands are everywhere but where he desires them as they push him into the covers, smoothly runs up and down his chest and abs then all the way up to cup his jaw. His face feels wet with kisses and how eagerly Billy licks his lips to taste everything.

It's a rushed mess yet it doesn't go fast enough.

"*Touch me*," he whispers without thought as he tries to keep up with Billy's pacing.

“Yeah? Want me to touch you, pretty boy? Touch your hard, long cock?” Billy’s tone almost cruel and rough at the seams, his hands going down to grip Steve’s hips with near brutish strength.

“God yes,” Steve *moans* at the slight pain, “I want you to touch me so fucking bad- jerk me off, *please*.”

“*Please?*” Billy barks out a laugh at that, “Those bitches you fuck into all that nicety? Please and thank yous.”

“They love it,” Steve says with confidence that can only come from *personal experience*.

But it only makes Billy laugh more as he pulls away. He sits up on his knees, cock hard and *thick* where it stands at attention between his muscular thighs. “That won’t work with me, *princess*. Don’t gotta ask like a good guy for me to fuck you, just say it and I’m here.”

“How easy of you,” the words are out before Steve even thinks about it. The rivalry they have is still new and fresh, it can barely be helped, and for a moment he fears that he has ruined the moment.

Yet Billy doesn’t move away. He slowly licks along the arch of his upper lip, something deep and primal in the way he *stares*, and a hand runs through his golden locks to push them away from his irritatingly handsome face.

“Look who’s talking.”

In a rush that seems natural to Billy, he flips Steve onto his side before laying down behind him and pressing the head of his wet dick against the crevice of Steve’s thighs.

“Wait!” Steve almost *shouts* as the churning of his stomach makes him sick with worry about the more technical functions of... *this*.

“Don’t worry baby,” Billy’s voice all of a sudden like silk, a range so odd and unfamiliar compared to his normal boisterous attitude, “I’m not gonna pop your cherry the first time we do this. You got me too excited for that, don’t wanna wait while I prep you like you deserve,” he whispers against the shell of Steve’s ear, and it eases every single worry he had.

“Oh...” The pent up nerves in his stomach vanishes, like a knot coming undone, every single muscle in his body relaxes into the sheets.

Well, *almost* every single muscle.

“Yeah, *oh*,” Billy chuckles and rubs his nose against the back of Steve’s neck, kissing his back. “I can be a nice guy, too. You don’t gotta worry bout a thing, just let me take care of you.”

Today has been... a long, confusing mess. From the boner he woke up with after dreams of Billy, to the one in his car, the one in his shower, the one on the couch, to the way Billy so rudely *shoved* his way into Steve’s personal space, up the stairs, onto the bed. Rude and hectic from their first kiss till now. Now he’s... nice? Steve feels a fool for falling for it, but at least he’s aware as he lets down his guard and allows for Billy to... do whatever he pleases.

Is this how girls feel whenever a hot guy is nice to them? Whenever Steve is nice to them? Doesn’t feel like the worst thing in the world.

So he nods and hums a light agreement.

“*Good*,” Billy hums, too, and it makes Steve’s skin crawl in the best way possible; the shivers down his spine almost *delightful* as they go straight to his dick.

And when Billy *gently* pushes his heated flesh in between Steve’s thighs, the wet pre lubing up the skin perfectly, it’s *weird* and *foreign*, but also impossibly *erotic* and *thrilling*, and suddenly all Steve can think about is how Billy’s cock would feel *inside of him*.

It’s no lie that that’s something he’s thought about before - not necessarily with Billy *mind you*, just in general when sliding into a soaking wet pussy, he’d often get almost lost in thought about what that feels like, and if this is any indicator of it, he’s even more *eager* for it now.

So eager he can’t help the long, breathy *moan* that escapes him as Billy moves into his embrace till they’re lying flush together.

“That good huh?” Billy whispers from behind, and Steve can only

imagine the self-satisfied smirk on his face.

Rather than responding he *moves*, closing his legs tighter and grinding back against Billy, as to test his own boundaries with all of this - which has been something of a *win*, considering he really went from his first kiss with a guy to *this* within ten minutes or so. And the way Billy groans all pleasant and pushes harder into their meeting of skin *jolts* through Steve's cock like a bolt of lightning making him spurt out pre.

"*Yeah*, keep your legs *just like that*," Billy speaks uncharacteristically soft as he moves one hand down, his burning hot palm smoothly moving over a thigh and staying there for leverage, as he starts rocking back and forth. *In and out*.

Steve's breath stutters and he can't help but put a hand over his mouth. It's not *uncommon* for him to be overly vocal and *enthusiastic* during sex, but this felt... almost embarrassing, the kind of blithe and soft coos and moans rather than deep, throaty groans making his cheeks red.

"Don't do that." Billy moves his hand up to grab Steve's and intertwines their fingers. "I wanna hear you. Let me know what I do to you."

His cock *throbs with urgent need* at those words. Such a deep, baritone voice that excites Steve to a fever pitch, his body *burning* up where sweat gathers down his back between them. It's gross and stimulating all at once, as Billy thrusts between his wet thighs and holds him close, he feels like a virgin again.

And maybe that's why Billy is treating him so kindly. Not that he disagreed with the fervor earlier, how crude it was to be manhandled like that, but this? This gentle rocking of their bodies as they together find harmy in the rhythm, it's *intoxicating*. Steve barely even notices when his own hand sneaks down to wrap around his hard length, so lost in the moment he can't think straight, can't stop the sighs and moans that spill from his body as he melts into Billy's embrace.

"*That's it*," Billy speaks softly like summer rain, "God you're so fucking hot. Can't tell you how long I've admired you in secret,

thought about every single mole and freckle as I jerked off at home. This is all I've wanted for so long, I thought I was dreaming when I saw you on the app."

Steve *wants* to respond, wants to say something like, "*How do you think I felt when we matched,*" but his mind is a fog of euphoria, barely able to even hear what's being so dearly and honestly said as he can't focus on anything other than the slickness of Billy's cock hitting the back of his balls, nudging him closer and closer to the edge with every thrust.

"Your thighs are so nice and soft, clenching around me just right, *arh*, you feel so fucking good, *princess*."

When Billy speeds up, Steve naturally follows along.

"*I'm so close*."

Steve, too. The pent up feeling that's been quickly building to an unbearable pressure point is becoming too much, hot and *ecstatic* like a volcano waiting to erupt.

"Wanna cum between your legs so bad, baby."

"*Ah- please*," Steve finally finds words and it comes out like a pathetically needy little whine.

He wants to wait- wants them to cum together like he's seen on porn as fake as that might be, but it's a sudden and rampant thing, blinding him with fireworks behind his screwed shut eyes. A feeling that can't possibly be expressed in any other way than a loud, prolonged, almost *shocked* moan, as he cums into his own hand that he jerks with ardent intensity.

Whilst not simultaneous, Billy is not far behind; urged on by Steve's alluring keening he sped up his thrusting and grinding like he's in a race for the finish line himself. And it would be kinda humorous if it wasn't so *hot* how *hard* he slams into the gathering of warm, soaked flesh. Oh how he *pounds* into Steve with all his sweaty might, grunting and groaning till he cums with a loud and lustful moan, his hand still holding on to Steve's with a near crushing passion to it.

And then there's silence, as they breathe out together, muscles relaxing, dicks flaccid and sticky with cum. It's warm and nice and cozy, but it's hard to enjoy for Steve.

Is Billy actually this nice, or was it just a play to get off? Did he do to Steve what he does to every other *bitch* that he gets with? What now? What's next? Are they gonna be a thing or just friends with benefits? Wait, are they even friends? Fuck buddies maybe? All the thoughts that he didn't have time to be anxious about before comes rushing in fresh and clear in a post-climax-clarity moment, and it stirs the pit in his stomach alive again.

When Billy squeezes his hand gently, and asks, "What are you thinking about?" whilst nuzzling into the nape of Steve's neck, kissing him lazily as if almost asleep.

It... helps. The thoughts aren't *gone* per say but they're in the distance now, and all it took was a simple question- a sign of *caring*.

Steve turns around in bed to look at Billy's drowsy expression, before answering, "Thinking about taking a shower. You wanna come with?"

Billy's nose furrows and wrinkles as he peeks out past ruffled curls. "Can't we stay like this a bit longer?"

It makes Steve's heart beat *different*.

"Sure."